

Passing Comment on Local and Other Events

Purchase Stamps to Pay For Marriage

The employees of the Honolulu postoffice have many queer experiences during the average day, but it remained for E. S. Barry, the stamp clerk, to have the most novel. It occurred yesterday. Barry was busy during the early hours of yesterday morning dispensing stamps to patrons who were sending mail away on the steamer Sierra. It was a short time before the departure of the steamer when six Filipinos—three men and three women—came up to the window and in Tagalog asked for a certificate. Long experience has given Barry a workable understanding of a number of the languages of the Orient. Barry, thinking that the applicants wanted a registration stamp told them that it would cost fifteen cents.

"All right," said the leader, with a smile at his companions. "That is cheap."

Barry then handed them a ten-cent stamp, two two-cent stamps and a one-cent stamp, at the same time advising them to have a ten-cent special delivery stamp attached to their letter to insure prompt delivery. This, too, was promptly forthcoming. Then the sextette was directed to the registration department, where all registered mail is entered. Gaily they tripped off.

"Two bits very cheap," muttered the foremost leader as they left the window. A few moments later the crowd, marching two abreast, reached the registrar's window, the dusky female companion of the leader holding her right hand over her heart, her swain holding his right hand high above his head and in pigeon English asking the astonished postoffice clerk to pronounce the words which would make them man and wife. It took considerable explaining on the part of the clerk to convince the couple that they had come to the wrong place and that their stamps were useless for purposes of legalizing a wedding ceremony. When the truth at last dawned on them they tore the stamps into bits, threw the shreds on the floor and left the postoffice muttering denunciation of every one connected with the United States government.

My Mother

She has gone and the grave hath received her,
Twas Jesus who called her away.
She hath gone, to the Lord who redeemed her,
From night to the splendor of day.

She has gone and we never shall see her
Again in this dark world of woe.
God grant we shall join her in heaven,
Where sorrow no more we shall know.

She has gone, but we would not recall her,
(God's summons we too must obey).
For she with the angels is singing
The song of the ransomed today.

REBECCA MACKAY.

Honolulu, May 9, 1914.

Kealoa

H. M. AYRES.

His name was Ole Hansen of the schooner Peter Lee,
As roughnecked a young squarehead as ever went to sea.
The girl was Maui Mary, also known as Kealoa,
With a father in Lahaina and a mother in Samoa.

Ole's ship made port that morning, and some twenty days at sea
Had set him just a-honing for both drink and devilry;
And so to Sam Shu's boarding-house on Beretania street
He steered a course most hazy when the bar clocks chimed "retreat."

There were sailormen at Sam Shu's joint and gin was flowing free—
There were also dusky maidens who had come to share the glee,
And among them, like a lissom queen, moved little Kealoa,
In whose dark tresses glinted off the sunshine of Samoa.

The "square" went round, the cards were dealt, a song became a shout,
And Maui Mary danced for dimes between each drinking bout;
She danced a dance of long ago, a luring dance and wild—
A dance of undulations, now a tiger, now a child.

One jealous grew, a shot rang out, a form sagged to the floor,
And then a dozen burly men came crashing through the door;
A gun was found in Ole's hand, a man lay stark and dead—
"Book Ole Hansen—murder," that was what the sergeant said.

The trial came and Mary had to tell her story sad:
"I shot the man myself," said she, "because he treat me bad;
Then Ole took the gun away and I was wearied to tell
Until I felt so sorry for poor Ole in a cell."

She went to jail—I think it was a year she had to stay,
And Ole Hansen sailed back home somewhere on Puget Bay.
"Where is he now?" I hear you ask, "and where is Kealoa?"
They're living, so I've heard it said, with her mother in Samoa.

Honolulu, May 8, 1914.

Sinking of the Rio

John Fleming Wilson, in the Saturday Evening Post of April 11, gives the pilot's version of the sinking of the Rio de Janeiro inside the Golden Gate fourteen years ago. He points the moral of the necessity for undivided, individual responsibility, as follows:

"The San Francisco pilot schooners lie off Meigs's Wharf, where is also the lookout of the Marine Exchange. I went down to the exchange on a February day, and met there a former Columbia River man. He told me that he was now a Golden Gate pilot and invited me to accompany him out in the schooner that night. I agreed as I not only wished to consult him as to my future but was also incurably curious about all the details of my profession. I was then thinking seriously of taking command of a coaster, and in that case I must be a pilot for San Francisco Bay.

"Late that evening I boarded a steamer with my friend just off the Farallones. On the steamer was a large company of passengers, including a consul-general of the United States. This gentleman insisted—coming up on the bridge—that his engagements in Washington demanded that he be landed in San Francisco by eight in the morning.

"The captain demurred, as did my friend the pilot. They pointed out that there was a very heavy fog, considerable sea, and, as well, noted the company's rules as to entering port at night or in a fog.

"It was finally agreed between the consul-general and the master of the steamer that he should start in at daylight. That would at least be obeying one-half of the company's rule.

"I recall very distinctly the conversation between the captain and the pilot next morning. It was not my business at the time nor is it now. Suffice it to say that the captain decided to take his ship in at daylight in spite of the fog. An hour later the steamer was sunk in the deep water inside the Golden Gate, the captain was with her, and the consul-general, whose haste had brought about the catastrophe, was drifting out to sea a corpse.

"I and my friend the pilot managed to clear ourselves of the action of the sinking ship, and with many of the passengers and crew we were picked up by the fleet of tugs and launches that came to our aid.

"This was a lesson to me. I determined that I would never, as a pilot, share my responsibility with anyone. I had lost one ship myself and I had seen a friend lose another. In both cases we pilots were blameless."

Too Much of a Good Thing

In a recent publication of the Smithsonian Institution it is claimed that it is a fallacy to assume that a diminished amount of oxygen is harmful. At noted health resorts in the Alps the barometer stands at such a height that the concentration of oxygen is far less than in the most ill-ventilated room. One unfortunate result of this fallacy is that the laws regarding ventilation of mines insist on a high percentage of oxygen, and thereby increase the danger of mine explosions. Finally, the widespread belief in the presence of an organic poison in expired air is equally erroneous. The smells of crowded rooms and the like are no indication that the air is deleterious. "The deaths in the Black Hole of Calcutta, the depression, headache, etc., in close rooms, are alike due to heat stagnation; the victims of the Black Hole died of heat stroke." This is rather more than likely to be readily accepted. It is also said that the chemical content of the air in crowded places has nothing to do with its ill-effects, that, apart from the influence of infecting bacteria, the ventilation problem is one of temperature, of relative humidity and of air movement. The percentage of carbon dioxide in the worst ventilated room does not rise above five, or, at most, one per cent, whereas the normal concentration of carbon dioxide in the lungs is from five to six per cent of an atmosphere. A great many experiments and observations are adduced to prove that percentages regarded as deleterious or deadly by hygienists are quite harmless.

METROPOLITAN MOVIES



"Mister, Which Is de Direction tuh Mexico?"

—From New York World.

Tuberculous Cows

It is currently reported that the attention of the attorney general has been called to an alleged violation of the law relating to the sale of diseased animals. Rumor has it that one of the city and county milk inspectors has been entering into a speculation endangering the health of the people—profitable to himself but unprofitable to the babies—that of buying and selling tuberculous cows. Under the law tuberculous cattle must be slaughtered—also, when diseased animals are condemned after inspection and test it becomes a misdemeanor to traffic in those animals, or permit milk from tuberculous cattle to be sold. If the facts are as alleged, this flagrant misuse of opportunity for personal aggrandizement by a public official to the detriment of the public health, should be brought to an abrupt finish.

Author of East Lynne

This is the centenary of the birth of Mrs. Henry Wood, author of the "best seller" of the nineteenth century, "East Lynne." Mrs. Wood was forty and a wife and mother before she turned her hand to novel writing, and her most famous book seems to have been written to soothe the weariness of a severe illness.

Much of it indeed was composed in bed, and the writer scarcely hoped to live to complete it. After running an obscure course in a monthly magazine the story was refused by several publishers and accepted only with considerable misgivings by Richard Bentley. It fell flat until someone reviewed it enthusiastically in the Times, and then the printers worked night and day to cope with the demand. Within a very short time "East Lynne" was translated into almost every language in Europe, and as book and play its popularity has known no eclipse.

D. L. CONKLING.—If some people had as much to do as I have in trying to finance the very existence of the Territory they would not be filling the papers up half as much.

SOME REMARKS HIGH PRIVATE JONES

"I don't want to crack wise," remarked High Private Jones, "but this here show was good stuff accordin' to my notion. That's the first time I ever saw one of these county fairs army style, an' I've been around the war quite a while. Admittin' its the first one I've seen in the war, I don't mind tellin' you that I picked up a few new wrinkles myself."

"You know I never had much use for that signal dope, and every time they tried to make me learn it I always sidestepped. But I saw it work, fine an' dandy yesterday, an' I'm gonn' to get wise to it now. Me an' the Sergeant sat down at a table in the field kitchen an' ordered a pork chop. Up at the end of our bench there was a couple of swell young Honolulu chickens, an' right across from them the Officer of the Day and the Colonel was sittin'. Well, the Officer of the Day was makin' sign talk to the pretty one next to me, an' she was gettin' him all right, because I saw her smilin' a little around the corner of her eye, and noddin' her head. Whatever he was puttin' across went all right. But the beauty of it was, he was doin' it so quiet the Colonel sittin' next to him never tumbled, and the other chicken didn't even pipe it off. Me an' the Sergeant was eatin' mustard pickles out of a bottle to keep from lookin' interested."

"How'd we happen to notice it? Say, when you've been dodgin' the Officer of the Day as long as I have you can spot anything he does at a mile. It pays you to do it."

"The justice court was all right, wasn't it? They were ketchin' 'em all, young, old, male, female, good-lookin', passe, plain to home-ly, without regard to family ties or length of commission. Some of the city folk thought it was a great joke when they got dragged in and soaked without any chance to get by whatever. Say, that's

Small Talks

JAMES D. LEVENSON.—What has become of that 100,000 club that was started three years ago?

H. B. GIFFARD.—Now that the supervisors have greased Merchant street sugar stocks ought to begin to move.

AUDITOR FISHER.—I went to Hilo fully expecting that I would be scalped, but I have returned to Honolulu with my fair curls intact.

COL. OLE ROSE.—But say, honor bright, Honolulu must be a darned hot old town, if the rumbling we hear in Tennessee means anything at all.

JOHN A. DOMINIS.—The latest in the divorce business is an appeal to the supreme court. This has not happened in years and will certainly be interesting to watch.

JOEL C. COHEN.—It is not all fooling. If I see an opening, me for mayor. When the legislature passed the city and county act it had me as much in mind as my friend Joe Fern.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY THOMPSON.—It seems to pay to play second fiddle in Honolulu and I find the instrument seldom breaks into print, for all of which I am thankful.

J. A. KENNEDY.—Hard times hits the transportation business first. We had a premonition of what was coming long before the other industries had commenced to feel the business depression.

E. C. LYDECKER.—I wish people would not take anything that sounds like my surname to mean me. I thought I was immune from pilikia of this kind, but I find that I have another guess coming.

JOHNNY MARTIN.—Well, there is one thing that you can say about the County Fair at Schofield and that is, there was no graft there and no signs of booze. Everybody had a good time for little money.

JULIUS W. ASCH.—For the first time this season I attended yesterday the game between the St. Louis College and Mills School basketball nines and it did me good to watch the boys. I felt almost as if I was a young man again.

H. P. WOOD.—I believe that the collection of Hawaiian fishes which will be shown at San Francisco will be the best part of our exhibit. More than that it is going to attract more attention than any other exhibit at the fair.

R. W. CATHART.—I am not ruffled by those political jokers who seem to find much enjoyment in announcing my candidacy for the numerous offices in this Territory which need filling. I am out only for one office and that is that of internal revenue collector.

E. H. F. WOLTER.—The capitol grounds have taken on a better appearance since Governor Pinkham has taken office there. A few unexpected nests to accommodate tourists would now be in order and a fresh coat of paint to the iron fence now decaying would also aid.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM.—They got three and a half out of me at the county fair under false pretenses, for I was not guilty of the charge. The experience was worth a hundred fold that amount, however, and I am glad the boys in uniform thought I was really F. Z. dark.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER FERRY.—Owing to the frequency in which joyriders are knocking down that ornamental electric light pole on Kalakaua avenue, I would suggest that the city construct a rubber one at that corner. It might last longer and cause less expense to the county.

J. R. GALT.—Great deliberation is characteristic of Honolulu in the settlement of its civic affairs. We started a movement towards the amalgamation of the chamber of commerce and the merchants' association at an informal meeting held at the University Club over eighteen months ago.

JUDGE LYLE A. DICKEY.—We have had a swell time with the official dedication and opening of Kauai's well concrete county building. The only thing that puzzled my thinking cap was how the concrete floor of the dance hall—the assembly room—would stand the trippers of the light fantastic.

WILLIAM SAVIDGE.—Although most persons generally sleep one or two hours longer on Sunday morning, I, as well as other brokers and business men of Merchant street, get up an hour or so earlier to see what is in the Small Talk column. I have hopes of living long enough to see my own name there some day.

W. O. SMITH.—Our committee is finding it a difficult matter to revise the charter of the old chamber of commerce to make it conform in every particular to the bylaws adopted by the amalgamated commercial bodies. This work has to proceed slowly and it will probably take all of two weeks to complete the revision. There are many legal points which must be considered.

JOHN W. CALDWELL.—Being told that there was nothing like gym exercise to reduce surplus flesh I began to take a course in gymnastics. That is, I bought a full set of gym paraphernalia, but have been too busy since to make a get-away. However, I find that I am in pounds lighter today. What if I had really started in working out in the gym stunts!

COL. WM. C. RAFFERTY.—The splendid bronze trophy presented a Battery Hasbrouck, manned by the Sixty-eighth and One Hundred and Forty-third companies, Coast Artillery Corps, the tribune of the Sons of the American Revolution to the champion marksmen of the army. I am proud of the record made by Captain Hatch, Captain Taylor and the fighting men of these two companies.

JOHN EFFINGER.—It is very curious that Hawaii of all the non-contiguous territories and possessions should be the chief sufferer in having mainlanders appointed to fill federal offices. If it had not been for the fight the Hawaii delegation put up at Baltimore, the plank would not have been included in the Democratic platform. In Alaska every office from the governorship down was filled by citizens of Alaska—Hawaii has not had fair treatment in this matter.

J. A. KENNEDY.—An advance of ten dollars a ton in the price we get for our sugar would relieve the situation. The volume of freight offered is many thousand tons less than it was eighteen months ago. The fertilizer shipments are heavy just now but people are not buying as much general merchandise as they would if they were more certain that the future has better things in store. Business is bad all over the United States so that we are not any worse off than a good many other people but we would like to know that there will not be free sugar.

JOSEPH P. COOKE.—The "Maesschaert Groove," which as you know is the invention of Paul A. G. Maesschaert, chemist of the John Sugar Company, is one of the most important improvements on mill machinery ever introduced in Hawaii. He is deserving of great praise. This invention has increased the tonnage capacity of mills that were formerly crowded by from ten to twenty per cent. We can now run our rolls full capacity without choking. At Kahuku, Manager Andrew Adams reports an increase in average capacity from twenty-four to twenty-nine tons due entirely to the installation of the Maesschaert roll. In other mills where this groove is used and which are not run to full capacity there is an increase in extraction and a corresponding decrease in cost of production.

ONE OF THE TRUSTEES of the Chamber of Commerce said yesterday—Sheriff Jarrett is to be commended for his prompt action in dismissing McDuffie's confidential secretary. Jarrett ought to have exercised his authority long ago. A disgraceful condition exists in the detective department of the Honolulu police force that the business interests of this city will not stand for any longer. We want a clean town. It is good business to have a clean town and we are going to have it. Better discipline and less graft, rottenness and politics is the first law. That has got to be enforced in the police department before the police can enforce the laws against criminals. Jarrett ought to have made a clean sweep in the office of the captain of detectives long ago. He would have had the solid support of the solid business interests if he had done it.

Where the Money Goes

It certainly costs to live. In this country the one overwhelming item of the list is \$125,000,000 a week spent for foods. Economy has centered largely upon this, where the now recognized weak point is distribution. The road from production to consumption is too long and has too many twists.

But only second on the list is the expenditures for women's and children's clothing—\$30,000,000 a week. Of this amount, \$20,000,000, according to Dry Goods, seems to be expended just for materials made up in the homes, which is a surprising percentage.

Men's clothes, made practically all in shops, adds less than half what women's wear does to the total. It stands at only \$13,000,000 a week. These amounts do not include shoes, which cost \$10,000,000 a week, nor hats and millinery. Nor do we understand that it includes such incidentals as underwear.

If any one should attempt to compare men's expenditures with those of women, the latter would at once revert to their invariable argument: "But what of liquor and cigars?" Maybe the point is well taken. These luxuries are at least as useless as corsets at from \$5 to \$25 per.